
DUNCAN'S GRAND PANACEA,

AN

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR ALL DISEASES,

*Translated into Pindaric Rhyme by Dr BARCLAY,
and Published at the Fortieth Anniversary of the
Edinburgh Harveian Festival, 14th April 1821.*

IF aught be found wrong in our frolics to-night,
A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE will set it all right :
'Tis folly to sacrifice comforts to fame ;
A hundred years hence it will be all the same.
And what tho' the cynic approves not our glee,
A hundred years hence he's not wiser than we.



Live long, or live short, let us live while we can,
 As the hundred years hence will make it all one.
 The present is ours, we know nought of to-morrow ;
 A hundred years hence there's an end to all sorrow.
 Dismissed by the doctor, or by the disease,
 A hundred years hence we'll be all at our ease.
 And spend we now freely, or hoard up our pence,
 We're not poorer nor richer—a hundred years hence.
 Come, then, fill a bumper, a bumper o'erflowing,
 For where is the heart not with gratitude glowing.
 To honour the man who, by deep meditation,
 Has published to mankind this grand consolation,
 This fact of all facts,—this astonishing truth,
 Which ought to be known from the north to the south,
 From the east to the west, especially whereas,
 Compar'd to the trash in our Pharmacopœias,
 'Tis diamond to dross : So let nations and tongues
 Proclaim it aloud, in the strength of their lungs,
 That a Cure is found out for the worst of all evils,
 For heart-aches, for sulks, and all kinds of blue-devils,
 Of course for all ailments, whate'er they may be ;
 And, wonder of wonders, nought's said of a Fee !
 For that, which in giving contentment and ease,
 'Midst the troubles of life and the plagues of disease,
 Exceeds every thought that man has been able
 To gather from facts, or to read of in fable.

Let DUNCAN be honour'd, whose wonderful skill
Cures every complaint without potion or pill.
With all kinds of drugs henceforward dispense,
The cure of all cures is—THE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

P. NEILL, Printer.

